VOLUME XXVII. NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1896. NUMBER 696.

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Life

HIS DEFENDER.

"WHY, HE YAWNED THREE TIMES WHILE I WAS TALKING TO HIM."
"PERHAPS HE WASN'T YAWNING. HE MAY HAVE BEEN TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING."

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VOLUME XXVII. ·LIFE· NUMBER 696.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

THE MAN AND THE SERPENT.

A MAN, who had lived a beautiful purple life, went to sleep under a tree in the forest. Jove sent a huge serpent to destroy him. The man awakened as the reptile drew near.

"What a horrid sight!" he said. "But let us be thankful that the pink and green elephant and the feathered hippopotamus are not also in evidence."

And he took a dose of bromide and commended himself again to sleep, while the serpent withdrew in some confusion.

What this proves to a thinking mind:

Jove himself couldn't get a position as Sunday School Superintendent on his reputation.

H. W. Phillips.

AT THE ROAD-HOUSE.

TOPERLY *(to driver)*: Look out for the Raines Bill, while I go in and get a drink.

AS a general thing, the less you have to say the more people you can get to listen to you.

BALLADE OF BOOMS THAT WERE.

O TELL me in what hidden haunt
Is *Flower*, with his blighted glee?
And *Croker* where, and *Hughey Grant*,
A grateful kinsman, where is he?

And Echo *Platt*, responsive Me,
Whom yokels o'er the river hear,
Above the Harlem Bridge, so free?—
Where are the booms of the vanished year!

And where is wily *David Hill*,
On whom, in some unhallowed hour,
The spell of Dennis, settling chill,
Bereft him of his early power?

And where doth *Warner Miller* cower,
Whom that jade, Fortune, chuckéd sheer
Outside the breastworks, stark and stour?—
Where are the booms of the vanished year!

O Grover, prince; O sire, refrain
In fate's recesses dark to peer,
Lest eke for thee this verse remain:
Where are the booms of the vanished year!

F. B. G.

THE MIDNIGHT DRILL.

"While there is Life there's Hope."

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19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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A DAY of July weather in April, in New York, is a good joke that everyone is ready to appreciate. A week of it is no joke at all. The clerk of the weather will please take respectful notice that scorching in April is prohibited by municipal ordinance in this town and that no delivery of frost in June will be accepted as offsetting the recent outbreak of excessive heat. The taste of New York in weather seems not to be thoroughly understood in the weather office. New York always gets plenty of summer, and it prefers that its springs should be springs as heretofore and not half-baked deliverances of unseasonable goods. Of course the recent hot spell did some useful turns: it brought the grass up and the leaves out, but its best work was to ripen the McKinley boom so that the least frost will spoil it, and if the boom should survive that, the first hot day in June will rot it. No known method of nursing or cold storage can keep that boom in marketable condition until July. Another effect of the spell has been to thaw the reserve of Mr. Reed, who has allowed his friends in Maine to bring him forward as a Republican candidate for President on a gold basis. We did not swelter for nothing, but we did swelter, all of us—that is, except Mr. Harrison. He kept cool.

* * *

THE attention of silver enthusiasts, and McKinleyites who want to postpone prosperity until we can tinker up a new tariff bill, is called to the condition of our neighbors, the British, who report good business, satisfactory profits and a surplus in the government treasury, all earned on a gold basis. Competition may be the life of trade, but honest money is the legs it stands on.

* * *

THE Burden jewels have been found, and the men who stole them are under arrest in London. The only safe thing to steal nowadays is something like the Heine monument, that nobody wants. The members of the respected Burden family are still declining offers to go on the stage, and are likely to refuse to allow their celebrated jewels to be exhibited, except to private audiences, as heretofore.

* * *

THE New York Legislature thinks that bicycles are baggage, and that the New York Central Railroad ought to carry them without extra charge. The bill to that effect, which has passed the Legislature and been signed by the Governor, seems superficially to be in the interest of bicyclists, but it is possible that its chief beneficiaries may be the bicycle repair shops. We know what an earnest baggage man can do with an objectionable trunk. We may learn presently what effect he can have on a bicycle which travels free.

* * *

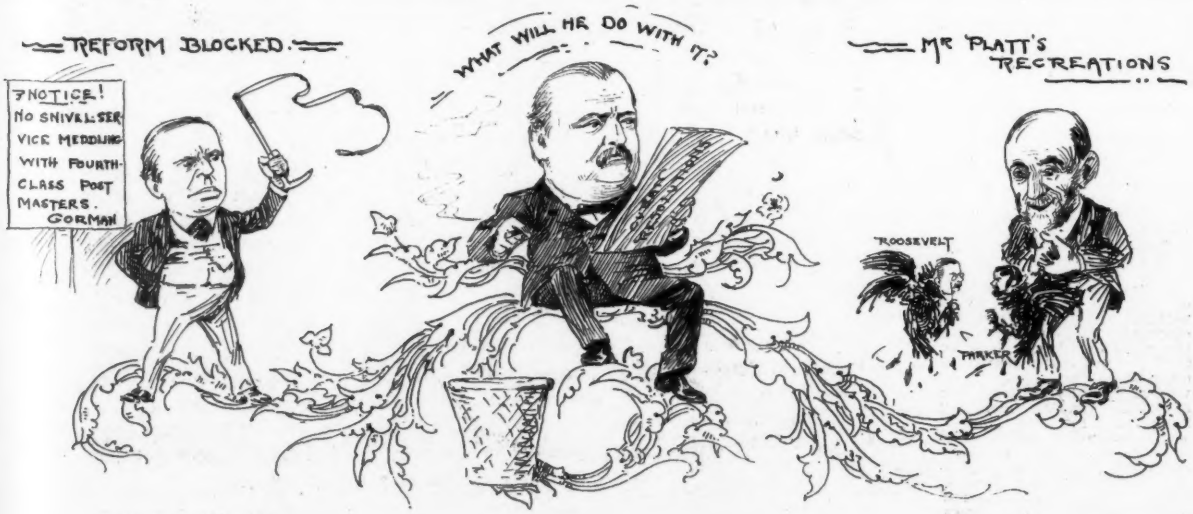
THERE seems to be a lively competition between Ohio and Iowa as to which shall have the best regulated citizens. Iowa has supplemented her laws in derogation of the drink traffic with a new one which forbids the sale or gift of cigarettes. In Ohio one branch of the Legislature has passed a bill prohibiting the practice of treating to drinks, and perhaps that in due time may become a law. Iowa and Ohio were both recruited largely from New England, and no doubt this tendency in them to make straight paths and compel folks to tramp in them is atavistic in its nature, and is an inheritance from the New England Puritans. If these careful commonwealths continue to be so precise in their regulations it will be necessary presently to stop strangers on their frontier and coach them out of the revised statutes, so that incautious liberality may not get them into trouble. There is some excuse for extreme measures in Ohio, because Kentucky is just across the river and keeps setting an example the effects of which of course have to be checked, but Iowa is in a safe enough place, and, it would seem, might safely trust her citizens to grow up naturally.

NO GO!

THE QUESTIONER OF THE SPHINX.

REVIVAL-OF-THE-OLYMPIC-GAMES

TREFORM BLOCKED.



MR PLATT'S RECREATIONS

MEWRAL DECORATION.— CATA-WALL PAPER.

A PLETHORA.

"I HAVEN'T time," you cry, distraught
By urgent calls at every turn.
In the next world—consoling thought!—
You will have time to burn.

SOMETHING OFFICIAL.

SOME forty vivisectors have produced an official defense of vivisection, and it is just about the kind of a defense we should expect. Here is the opening argument:

"Therefore, in the slowly woven fabric of achievement, pure science and applied science, biology and medicine, have always been warp and woof. Let either be destroyed, man's life shall go threadbare.

"To show this, a few out of many striking examples may suffice.

"Not very long ago the red clover was imported into a British colony to which it was not native. The plant throve when planted; but its flowers set no seeds, so that fresh seed had to be brought from the mother country. The disappointed farmers consulted people who had given up their time to the study of plants and insects—botanists and 'bug hunters,' in fact. Pure science told the practical farmers that the long-billed humble-bees which sucked honey in every English clover field also carried pollen from flower to flower, and thus fertilized the plants, and that it was useless to try for crops of imported red clover unless humble-bees were imported also."

What has this to do with vivisection?

The "defense" continues:

"No less enlightening is the history of one of the greatest and most modern of the developments of science. Near the end of the last century Dr. Galvani, an Italian professor of anatomy, set himself to investigate the cause of a newly discovered fact—namely, that the muscles of the legs of freshly killed frogs jerked forcibly when their nerves were worked upon by the taking of a spark from an electrical machine. This investigation, which does not sound momentous, he undertook, 'in order to discover the hidden properties' of the nerves and muscles, 'and to treat their diseases more certainly.' To the jerks of Galvani's frogs' legs we owe the discovery of the galvanic battery and current, which are named after him; the telegraph and ocean cable, with their immense influence upon civilized life in peace and war; the transfer to miles of distance of the vast working power of Niagara Falls."

This last is the strongest point in the paper. That the vivisector should take pride in the destruction of Niagara Falls is natural, but even this must be denied him as the frogs mentioned were already dead.

Following is another clincher:

"No mother would knowingly allow her children to ride behind a locomotive engineer who had never seen the workings of an actual engine."

True, but only the mother of a vivisector could insist that the engine be taken apart every day to make sure the machinery was still there.

We are afraid the vivisector is not strong in argument. His proper field is the torture chamber.

BOOKISHNESS.

LARGE NEWSPAPERS AND SMALL BOOKS.

IT is a strange development in the business of writing that as newspapers grow larger, books grow smaller. This is the day of Sunday newspapers that contain two or three times as much matter as the old three-volume novel; and of novels that have about as many words as four newspaper pages. Although in apparent contrast, these things are intimately related. The newspaper habit, as has been often remarked, develops a race of readers who soon tire of long-continued attention to any one topic or train of thought. Hosts of men spend several continuous

HISTORICAL PORTRAIT PAINTING, WITH APPROPRIATE FRAMES.

(A few leaves from the catalogue of a private portrait gallery.)

WHY NOT ADOPT THE INTERESTING CUSTOM OF OUR ANCESTORS AND HAVE OURSELVES PORTRAYED IN OUR FAVORITE POSES?

PORTRAIT OF MY FATHER HOLDING A MODEL OF HIS FAVORITE YACHT, "THE CONQUEROR."

PORTRAIT OF MY UNCLE JOHN (MOTHER'S BROTHER), THE POPULAR AND WELL-KNOWN WHIP.

hours over a newspaper, but hardly more than five minutes are devoted to any one subject. The mind skips with agility from one topic to another, as it is natural for the American mind to skip in its daily business routine. We are alert and quick at comprehension, rather than thorough and persistent. If an American reader is bored for three minutes he is lost; there is no intellectual conscience to spur him on to the mastery of a subject that is not made both clear and entertaining.

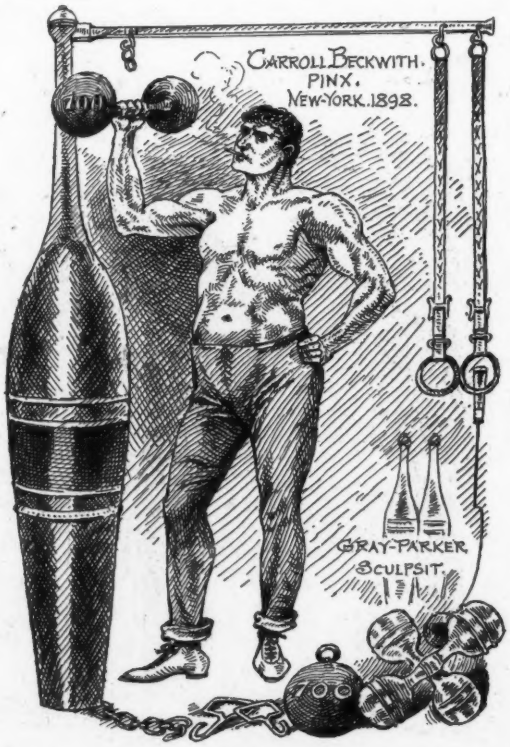
This journalistic habit of mind has made little books popular. The American reader would rather skim through three little books in a lazy afternoon than wade through one volume of respectable proportions. He likes contrasts of style, sentiment, and emotion; he has the sense of getting the most for the least expenditure of effort in this manner. It is not a question of aggregate time spent in reading; we believe that more people read more hours now than ever before. Indeed a very fair argument could be made to prove that reading is a national vice.

But the American of to-day must get a certain number of vivid emotions in a given time from his reading or he feels that he has been defrauded.

* * *

SUDERMANN'S play of "Magda" has been seen at the theatres this winter, interpreted by foreign stars of the first rank in languages foreign both to Sudermann and ourselves. It is, therefore, satisfying to have such a capable translation of the play in English as Mr. C. E. A. Winslow has made and Lamson, Wolffe & Co. have published in a most attractive volume. The English text is free from all hint of the German idiom and reads with surprisingly good literary finish. It is one of the few modern plays that is well suited for acting and also most interesting to read.

"HAS YER MAN GOT AN OLE PAIR OF PANTS WHAT I KIN HAVE?" "NO, HE HASN'T, BUT I HAVE."



PORTRAIT OF MY ELDEST BROTHER, EDWARD, THE HARVARD MAN, IN THE ACT OF RESTING AFTER ARDUOUS LABORS IN GREEK AND LATIN PHILOSOPHY.

Among the young Canadian writers of verse, no one has shown a sweeter melody and more delicate fancy than Duncan Campbell Scott. These same poetic qualities are evident in his prose, and make the charm of his volume of French-Canadian stories, entitled "In the Village of Viger" (Copeland & Day). The impression produced by them is of the quiet, gentle, pathetic kind that wins the reader. They are vague, reticent, fanciful, and yet the quaint old village and the people are made very real. The literary workmanship is careful, and the feeling is artistic; but the effect of all this effort is simplicity itself.

A book that is destined to ameliorate the sad fate of people who feel it their duty to attend private theatricals is John Kendrick Bangs's "The Bicyclers, and Three Other Farces" (Harpers). It is hard to imagine a company of amateurs so stupid as not to produce a fair amount of laughter with any one of these parlor plays. The situations are so funny in themselves that you are bound to laugh. The dialogue has the real "crackle and bang" to it that makes a farce go.

Droch.

NOTHING BETTER.

A COLLEGE man and a country maid
Sat on a swinging gate.
"It's a pretty close night," the maiden said.
"But the surroundings are first-rate."

By DAISY.

Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE *and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roentgen.*

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

JAMES GORDON (B-N-T).

THIS gentleman was born under the Ram's Horn, in corkscrew with Capricorn, Libra half-seas over, Venus clad in the Golden Seal and the Spring freshets from Aquarius turned into Manhattan cocktails. He has a blended form with some body, a scarehead, revolves on a pedestal of wind and pink atmosphere, inclines frequently at an angle of 45°, has a brandy and soda outlook, with heliotrope eyes and a pousse-cafe complexion. He looks well in a case of ground glass, and should always wear a label. Would do good work in an inebriate asylum. He has a steadfast nature, sticking by those who love and obey him for hours at a time; is very dependent on others and will not succeed in control. Has a keen, discriminating intellect, rarely reading the sermons in the *Herald;* should avoid menageries, and will find his most congenial companions among members of the New York Yacht Club. Succeed as a sandwich man or a temperance reformer.

* * *

T. DE WITT (T-L-M-G).

THIS gentleman was born in the cusp between Aries and Taurus, a tin halo round the sun, Venus dead to the world, Mercury spouting red fire and Libra out of its orbit. He is of mediocre height, with a north, east, south and west expression; ruby lips on Marvin hinges, and an Asbury-Park-and-Ocean-Grove accent. He runs on two legs and could walk on his hands, but they are in use elsewhere. Has a retiring, bashful nature, taking only what he can get, and is possessed of great refinement, disliking to be with himself. He should eat light, nourishing food and take chloroform with his meals, Sundays included. Will find his most agreeable associates in the Cannibal islands, where he will be weighed and not found wanting. Ought to make a good prizefighter or barber, but will succeed best as a bartender in a Keely institute.

WILLIE L. (S-T-R-N-G).

THIS gentleman was born to be an elevator boy, but owing to an error at the time of his birth—Taurus being detained three minutes by a blockade in the milky way—he is now on exhibition as the ossified man in the greatest freak show on earth. He was born otherwise under the Pleiades, Capricorn drawing to a bobtail flush, Mars and Uranus on first base and Venus coming home on a three-bagger. He has tea-green whiskers, a Croker instep, Roosevelt teeth; looks well in white duck and would make a successful street-cleaner or do good execution in a tobacco warehouse. He is very extravagant, spending other people's money without a thought, and has little self-respect, mingling and marrying among the 400 with City-Hall abandon. Evil times in '97. Should ride on the cable cars for his health, avoid saloons and travel in Ireland for instruction.

LIMITED.

HE: There's one thing about me: I always know enough to take a hint.

SHE: Why, don't you ever call on the same girl twice?

"GEORGIE, DEAR, YOU GO IN AND ASK PAPA'S CONSENT AND—GEORGE—IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN, I'LL GO TO SEE YOU EVERY DAY TILL YOU'RE WELL AGAIN."

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

A HEALTH TO HIS SON-IN-LAW.

THE IMPRESSIONIST CALLED DOWN.

The Cow: "LOOKAHERE, LEMON-COLORED ROCKS, PINK STONE WALLS, PURPLE TREES AND CALICO SKIES ARE MATTERS CONCERNING YOU AND YOUR CONSCIENCE, BUT — IF YOU DON'T STOP PAINTING IN MY CALF NILE-GREEN THERE'LL BE SIMPLY A FLAT TONE LEFT OF AN INTERESTING BUT WAYWARD YOUNG MAN. DO YOU TUMBLE?"

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Night Thoughts. (The Wide Awake Series). By George M. Pullman.
Foul Play. By T. C. Platt.
Lovers Once But Strangers Now. By Lillian Russell.
In Durance Vile. By Joseph Pulitzer.
Far From the Madding Crowd. (In preparation.) By Levi P. Morton.
A Strange Inheritance. By Richard Croker.
Dictionary of Terms. By Grover Cleveland.
Coming Through the Rye. By John L. Sullivan.
The Earth Is My Footstool. By William of Germany. (Translated into 17 dialects, by Poultney Bigelow.)
Roughing It. By Lord Dunraven. Full Calf.
Opening of the Chestnut Burr. By Chauncey M. Depew.
Slaughter of the Innocents. By H. H. Vreeland (President of the Metropolitan Traction Company.)
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Misunderstood. By Thomas F. Bayard.
When My Dreams Come True. By Thomas B. Reed.
Milk As A Stimulant. By E. W. Bok.
God Save the Queen. By Larry Godkin.
What Shall I Do To Be Saved? By Chas. A. Dana.
Sweet Bells Out of Tune. By Dr. Parker Morgan.

HE WOULD A WOOING GO.

"Come live with me, and be my love."

THE PRAYER.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES TO DATE.

LYCURGUS McKINLIUS, THE LAW-GIVER.

LYCURGUS McKINLIUS, Jr., the Law-Giver of the Buckeye Province, inherited the Spartan simplicity of his remote ancestor, Lycurgus of old, who was in the simplicity business long before T. Jefferson. He was simple enough, in fact, to imagine that the people would stand a tax on everything but air to protect "infant industries" capitalized at $20,000,000 each. Being a native of Ohio, it was natural that he should aspire to the presidency, for every Ohioan thinks he has a mortgage on the White House. About the only man in Ohio who has not foreclosed is John Shermanus, the author of "How I Was T'run Down in 'Eighty-Eight."

As a boy Lycurgus McKinlius attended the public schools under protest because they were on the free list, and longed to grow up rapidly and get where he could have a Congress on his hands.

At 17 he was a soldier; at 21 he was a captain and brevet-major; at 24 he was a lawyer; at 33 he was a congressman; at 47 he was a governor; and at 52, in 1896, he was longing to emulate another great Ohioan by leading an army of the unemployed (Republicans) to Washington.

Lycurgus McKinlius reached the very pinnacle of fame when he posed before the public on his famous Tariff Bill. In all the earth there was nothing higher than that bill for him to stand on.

We are told that in 1896 when both Lycurgus McKinlius and Levi Parsons Mortonus Diogenes, the Grand Old Man of Ellerslie Stock Farm, were coquetting with Metoo Tomplattus, Casca Quayimus and other State bosses and endeavoring to win their support for the presidential nomination, the rival candidates met one day and immediately fell to abusing one another.

"Your aspirations for the presidency are absurd. The tariff is a back number, and so are you, McKinlius," sneered Mortonus Diogenes, leaning heavily on his cane.

"Speaking of back numbers, Methuselah was a gay young buck compared with you," retorted McKinlius. "You must think the White House is a Home for the Aged Order of Superannuated Has-Beens."

"Get you gone, Lycurgus McKinlius," Mortonus Diogenes cried in a rage. "Get you gone; but remember—remember—we shall meet *at Philippi!*"

Shaking with laughter, Lycurgus McKinlius hurried away out of reach of the cane. "The idea of an alleged statesman being so ignorant," he said later to one of his henchmen. "The idea of His Barrelship saying 'we shall meet at Philippi,' when everybody that reads the newspapers knows we're going to meet in St. Looey in June!"

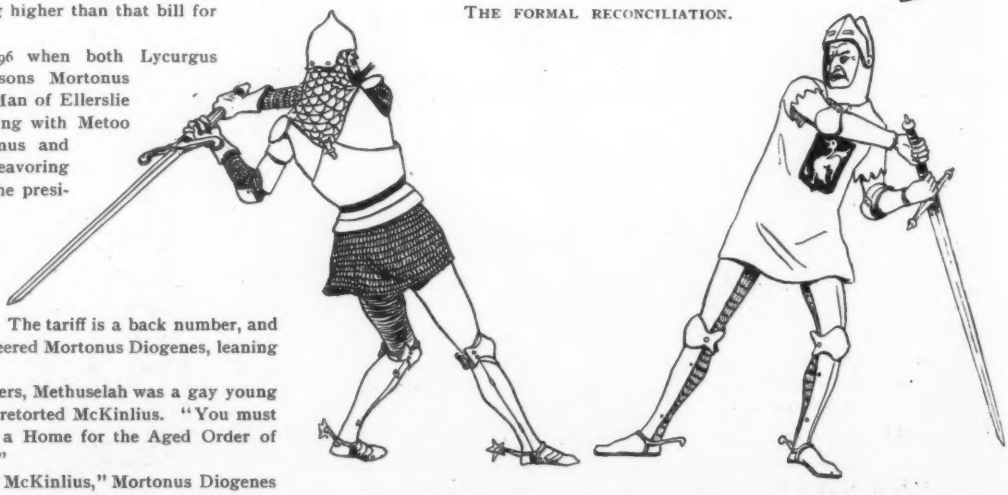
To the hour of his death Lycurgus McKinlius was an ardent champion of a high protective tariff. It is related that one winter day he stood in the street with hat and shoulders covered with snow, and half-frozen tears streaming from his eyes.

"Why do you weep?" asked Cato Reedimus.

'Why do I weep?" McKinlius cried, pointing upward toward the thickly falling snow. "It breaks my heart, Reedimus, to see all this stuff coming in free!"

Earle H. Eaton.

THE FORMAL RECONCILIATION.



THE COMBAT.

THE FINAL RECONCILIATION THAT COMES TOO LATE.

MY FAVORITE.

WHEN Gladys treads the minuet
With roses in her hair of jet,
Methinks no flower that ever blows
Is half so lovely as the rose.

In football days she's wont to wear
Chrysanthemums, and then I swear,
"No flower can be more rich and gay
Than that fair Gladys wears to-day."

And when she kneels with humble air
And murmurs low her Lenten prayer,
With purple violets on her breast,
Why, then I'm sure I like *them* best.

But if for me she'll wreathe her hair
With orange blossoms, pure and fair,
I'll prize, till stars shall cease to shine,
The blooms which make sweet
Gladys mine.

Dixie Wolcott.

ALL the world's a stage, and the better the performance the greater will be the box office receipts.

WHERE OUR TASTES LIE.

THE fact that seventy thousand birds were supplied to the New York market in one year for millinery purposes seems to indicate that we are a kind-hearted people and fond of animals.

With vivisection rampant and the fields and forests being cleared of birds, the animal kingdom seems to be in a tight place hereabouts. But "Science" and Fashion are mighty, and civilization is a wonderful civilizer.

AVOIDING EXTRA EXPENSE.

"ON moving day, Oldsoak never moves with the family because of the expense."

"The expense?"

"Yes, these moving-van men, you know, charge so much for every load."

A MAN has to be something more than eccentric to have his eccentricities tolerated.

"THERE IS NO NEW THING UNDER THE SUN." Eccl. i. 9.

MONEY TALKS. ". . . But money answereth all things." Eccl. x. 19.

THE SILVER TROUBLE. "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver." Eccl. v. 10.

BALLOON SLEEVES. "Woe to the women that sew pillows to all arm-holes!" Ezek. xiii. 18.

WE ARE THE PEOPLE. "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." Job xii. 2.

YOU MAKE ME TIRED. "But now he (Eliphaz) hath made me weary." Job xvi. 7.

"SAY BOSS, I'S GOT TER RAISE FIVE CENTS FOR CHEWIN' GUM, EVEN IF I HAS TO PUT ME CHILD IN HOCK!"

AVT SCISSORS AVT NVLLVS

Two or three lawyers were discussing the tricks of their trade.

"A big, burly fellow from the Michigan pine forests came into my office," said one of them, "and told a very mean story about a rich man here in town, who was trying to cheat him out of two or three thousand dollars, and who had managed to get a pretty tight clutch on the money. The backwoodsman looked and talked like an honest man, and the old miser's reputation was mean enough to match the story, so I felt inclined to believe it. When he had finished I looked him up and down from head to foot. He asked me what I was looking him over for. 'Well,' said I, 'I was thinking that if I were over six feet tall, and as powerful a man as you, I wouldn't hire a lawyer to help me get that money.' The man's excited face smoothed out into blank astonishment. 'What do you mean?' he said. I answered, 'I mean just what I say. You are sure, are you, that he has that money in his office?' 'He had it there last night.' 'Well, you don't need a lawyer.'

"The man turned on his heel and left without another word. In a day or two he sent me a check for $50 and his thanks for my advice."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

There was once a dispute among a group of Boers over the color of the English flag. There was much difference of opinion on the subject until an old patriarch, clad in a blue shirt and soiled yellow moleskin trousers, arose. He knew nothing about the English, but he was solid on the color of the flag. When he stood up there was a murmur of "Oom Peet," and a respectful pause. "The English flag," he said, with an air of placid certainty, "is white." There was a general cry of expostulation, which had no sort of effect on the old warrior. "Don't I know?" he asked, gently; "I have seen it—seen it three times: once at Majuba, once at Bronkerspruit, and once at Doornkop. Each time it was hoisted and each time it was white." And that settled it.—*Argonaut.*

Owing to the illness of his regular office boy, Dr. Joseph Marcus some weeks ago hired a new boy named Tommy Jones. Tommy was a jewel, and when Joe, the first incumbent, convalesced, the doctor was loath to let Tommy go. But Joe wanted to come back to his soft berth, and pleaded with his former employer. A way out of the dilemma seemed to present itself, for the doctor said:

"Joe, if you can put the other boy out, you can get your job back."

"Do you mean that I must lick him?"

"That's about the size of it."

"All right."

When Dr. Marcus returned to his office that night he met a sight he never bargained for. The glass in the door was smashed into smithereens. A marble clock on the mantel was minus dial, glass, or hands, and a handsome office chair reposed on three legs; but Joe was in victorious possession, nursing a swollen cheek.

"Tommy's gone," he said, with a grin.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

WHAT THE ANGELS THINK.

My dear Clairette, gowned all in white,
Kneels where the fading evening light
Steals in to see so pure a sight.

My dear Clairette lifts tearful eyes
In suppliance to the far-off skies
And for forgiveness softly cries.

My dear Clairette prays that she be
Forgiven for the sins that she
Feels rest upon her weightily.

My dear Clairette, so pure and fair!
The angels smile to see her there,
And wonder at the needless prayer.

—*W. J. Lampton in the Cosmopolitan.*

Several artists at a Royal Academy dinner, sitting in the neighborhood of Carlyle and Thackeray, were expressing their enthusiasm about Titian. Carlyle, who had been listening in silence to their rhapsodies, interrupted them by saying, with slow deliberation: "And here I sit, a man made in the image of God, who knows nothing about Titian, and that's another fact about Titian."

Thackeray, sipping claret at the moment, paused and bowed courteously to Carlyle. "Pardon me," said, "that is not a fact about Titian. But it is a fact and a lamentable fact—about Carlyle."—*Argonaut.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, Agents.

European Agents—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

IVORY SOAP

One may be neat and "bike" it too;
A muddy fall is naught to rue
Since Ivory Soap will soon restore
The fabric, spotless as before.

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Columbia Art Catalogue, telling fully of the features of Columbias—and of Hartford bicycles next best, $80, $60, $50—is free from the Columbia agent or is mailed for two 2-cent stamps.

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FOR RIDERS WHOSE WHEELS ARE FITTED WITH ABSOLUTELY DUST PROOF BEARINGS SUCH AS ARE FOUND ON

THE WARWICK

THESE, WITH ITS OTHER INIMITABLE POINTS OF PERFECTION MAKE IT THE PEER OF WHEELS. IT'S THE WHEEL THAT'S BUILT ON HONOR AND IF THE RIMS ARE VERMILION IT'S A WARWICK

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There's one thing for you to remember: no Angostura Bitters is the genuine except Abbott's. All druggists.

Pa: Didn't I hear you say, Bella, that young Mr. Cakkle, who calls on you so regularly, is an advocate of the eight-hour movement?

Bella: Yes, pa.

Pa: I thought so. I noticed last night it took about eight hours to get a move on him.—*Boston Courier.*

Mr. Mann: So you had to go and tell Mrs. Henn what I told you about the Fowlers? I never did see such a woman! You never could keep a secret.

Mrs. Mann: How unreasonable you are, Henry! If I don't tell a secret, how is anybody to know that I have been keeping it?—*Boston Transcript.*

That Delicious Flavor

which you relish so much in Soups served in the best Cafés, can be secured at home, by using

Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

It gives to Soups a zest and flavor attainable in no other way. Anyone can make delicious Bouillon or clear Beef Soup with Armour's Extract, boiling water and a pinch of salt. Nothing simpler. Send for our book of "Culinary Wrinkles" —mailed free.

Armour & Company, Chicago.

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master;
She put CUPID Hair-Pins in her hair,
And they stick like a porous plaster.

It's in the

TWIST.

By the makers of the famous DeLONG Hook and Eye.

Richardson & DeLong Bros., Philadelphia.

NUBIAN Fast Black

Cotton Dress Linings—For Waist and Skirt,

Will Not Crock.

It is positively unchangeable and of superior quality. Nothing else so fully satisfies the highest requirements and yet the cost is moderate enough for any dress. . . . . .

All Leading DRY GOODS Stores.

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Look for this on EVERY YARD of the Selvage.

"Signs of Good Times."

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Special attention given to the preparation of articles suitable for

WEDDING PRESENTS.

Complete outfits of Knives, Forks and Spoons and Carvers. Artistic and original designs in Silver Vases, Trays, and desk furnishings.

THEODORE B. STARR,

206 Fifth Ave., Madison Square.

WHEN Congressman Cannon, of Illinois, strenuously objected in Congress, the other day, to an appropriation for officers' residences on the grounds of the Naval Observatory, Robinson, of Pennsylvania, who was an Annapolis man, defended the proposition and poked fun at Cannon in this wise: "Soon after Mr. Cannon came here from his prairie home in Illinois for service," said Robinson, "he embarked on a steamer on the Potomac River. While pacing the deck, he suddenly started back in amazement from an open hatchway. 'My God,' he exclaimed, 'she's hollow!'"—*Argonaut.*

IN one of the Western cities there is a firm of three women lawyers who have an office on the top floor of a tall building in which there is no elevator. The other day a client climbed the stairs and arrived panting at the top, to find the office closed and the following inscription on the door:

"Our senior partner is going to be married this evening, and we have gone home to prepare for the reception.

"MATILDA HICKS,
"LOUISE WILSON."
—*New York Journal.*

"DO you think you could eat another piece of pie, Tommy?"

"I think I could, ma'am, if I stood up."—*Chicago Dispatch.*

"IF you dare to kiss me, I'll call mamma."

"Please don't. I never kiss old ladies."—*Adams Freeman.*

ROBERT STUART PIGOTT, the baritone, has a lovely little daughter, whose sayings are really worth making a book about. Mrs. Cleveland is the object of her adoration just now. The child was walking in I street with her mother the other day when they met Mrs. Cleveland, out for her daily constitutional. Mrs. Cleveland saw the child's wrapt admiration and smiled as she passed.

"Mamma," said Katharine, who hadn't seen the President's wife before, "she doesn't look nearly so old as grandma."

"Why, of course, she doesn't," said the surprised mother. "What makes you say that?"

"Well," went on the child, "you told me she was the very first lady in the land."—*Washington Post.*

WHITMAN'S INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE.

Pure, Delicious Flavor. Mix with boiling milk or water, and it's made. Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Philadelphia.

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

AN old Irishwoman, who has received many benefits at the hands of a benevolent minister and his wife, is so shiftless that occasionally the large-hearted couple lose all patience with her; but she has such a sense of humor, and such a beguiling tongue, that she never fails to amuse them and finally to win them back.

At one time when money was given her to buy warm underclothing with, she wasted it upon a large plush photograph album. The minister spoke to her with considerable severity, as did also his wife, and for some time Bridget received no calls from either of them.

One afternoon, however, the minister relented and stopped at Bridget's door on his way to see a sick woman.

"Shure, and it's mesilf that dreamed about you last noight, Misther Williams," said Bridget, with a beaming smile. "Oi dreamed that you and Missus Williams came here to see me, and says you, 'How are you off for tay and coffee, Bridget?' and Oi says, 'It's niver a drop of ayther Oi've got in the house, Misther Williams!' And thin you presinted me wid a pound of tay, and Missus Williams wid a pound of coffee on the shpot! Yis, sorr, that was me dream."

"Well, Bridget," said the minister, striving not to smile, "you know dreams are said to go by contraries."

"Shure, and that's fwhat Oi said to mesilf," exclaimed Bridget, triumphantly. "Said Oi, '*Misther* Williams is the wan that'll be giving me the *coffee* and *Missus* Williams the *tay!*' Thim was my very thoughts, sorr."—*Youth's Companion.*

A WASHINGTON correspondent, some time ago, started a story about Prohibitionist Hull, of Iowa, to the effect that he once admired a knife of Representative Chickering's which had in it a hook, "designed," Chickering said, "to remove stones which might become fastened in a horse's hoof on a rocky road." Hull admired it so much that Chickering gave it to him, and Hull took it home to show to his wife. Mrs. Hull looked at the knife and then at her husband. "John," said she, "any man who has served three terms as secretary of the State Senate, been twice lieutenant-governor, and served two terms in Congress, must be a pretty good man if he doesn't know a champagne-opener from a hoof-cleaner." The story was copied all over the State, and commented on in a variety of ways. Then the Congressman met the correspondent who first published the story. He was smiling all over. "You did me a great service," Hull said, wringing his hand affectionately; "all the Prohibitionists are taking my wife's view of my ignorance, and all the 'antis' are insisting that I'm a devil of a good fellow for imposing so successfully on my wife. It works in my behalf whichever way you take it."—*Exchange.*

SOME one asked Max Nordau to define the difference between genius and insanity. "Well," said the author of "Degeneration," "the lunatic is, at least, sure of his board and clothes."

"ANYTHING interesting in the New Woman club?"

"Yes; we are to have a spring exhibition of paintings done by old mistresses."—*Chicago Record.*

AFTER a dinner given by Stephen Price, of Drury Lane Theatre, all the guests but Theodore Hook and the Reverend Edward Cannon retired. Price was suffering from gout, but as they disregarded his hints to retire, he stole off and left them in high talk. On the following morning he inquired of his servant: "Pray, at what time did those gentlemen go last night?"

"Go, sir?" replied John; "they're not gone, sir; they have just rung for coffee."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

"WOULD you like a sonata before dinner?" said the Washington hostess to the gentleman from Kentucky.

"Well, I don't mind," said he. "I had two on my way here, but I reckon I can stand another."—*Boston Herald.*

An absolutely safe dentifrice, popular with refined people for over half a century. - - - All Druggists.

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TEETH AND BREATH.

A sample of liquid Sozodont by mail, provided you mention this publication and send three cents for postage. Address the Proprietors of Sozodont, HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, New York City.

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Our unequaled facilities enable us to supply better bicycles for less money than other makers can afford to market an an inferior production, hence in purchasing a Waverley there is a clear saving of $15.00 or more. A higher grade bicycle, it is impossible to produce. Our catalogue explains all. Send for it.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO., Indianapolis, Ind.

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A CONCENTRATED LIQUID EXTRACT OF MALT AND HOPS

FOR CONVALESCENTS, NURSING MOTHERS AND THOSE SUFFERING FROM INSOMNIA, DYSPEPSIA, ETC.

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Burns either Kerosene or Naphtha.
The Polished Reflecting Surfaces are so protected that they cannot become blackened or tarnished.
Combination of Lenses makes most intense and penetrating light.

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The 1896 Search-Light is conceded to be superior to any bicycle lamp ever placed on the market.

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We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

Try our YORK Cocktail—made without any sweetning—dry and delicious.

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AVOID IMITATIONS.

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DEUTZ & GELDERMANN, Ay, France.

Possessing to the fullest extent the fruity and delicate character peculiar to the wines of the famous AY district.

Agent C. H. ARNOLD, 27 S. William St., N.Y. City.

FROM THE OFFICE BOY.

SHE smiles while that prosy old duffer dictates,
And is sweet as you please when he scolds;
She smiles when the baldheaded partner comes in
And talks of his coughs and his colds;
She smiles at the clerk while she clicks her machine,
And laughs at what he thinks is fun,
But never a smile or a laugh for me—
They have whiskers and I have none.

I have plenty of brains, and I know a good deal,
I could give his nibs points on the law;
I could teach that old clerk for the next twenty years,
I could tell him some things, but—oh, pshaw!
What's knowledge and brains to a girl nowadays?
They ain't in it when all's said and done.
The idiots get all her smiles and her thoughts—
They have whiskers and I have none.

—*New York World.*

THE editor of a London evening daily was noted for his promptitude and tendency to rush things. He was continually impressing upon his reporters the necessity for condensing news. There came into the office one morning a notice of a terrific explosion on board a big ship at Portsmouth. "If you catch the next train," he said to one of his men, "you will be down there by two, and can wire something for the fifth edition, but boil it down." The message came in due time. It said: "Terrific explosion. Melpomene. Boiler empty. Engineer full. Funeral to-morrow. No flowers."—*Wave.*

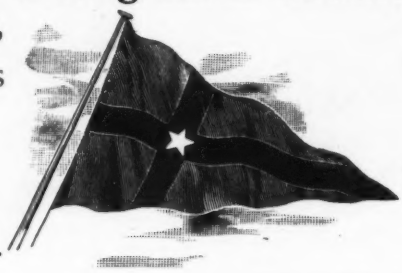
MAMMA: You know, Johnny, when mamma whips her little boy, she does it for his own good.

JOHNNY: Mamma, I wish you didn't think quite so much of me.—*Boston Transcript.*

Dorflinger's American Cut Glass.

Special Attention Given to the Fitting out of Yachts.

Designs of Club Flags, Monograms AND Initials Engraved or Etched.



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TRADE DORFLINGER MARK.

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that speeds the recovery of her patients by giving them

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
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—**the food drink.** It contains the greatest amount of real nutriment and is strength-giving and flesh-building. Invaluable to nursing mothers, consumptives and sufferers from wasting diseases.

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} GENERAL AGENTS.

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It is important to buyers that they should be informed that the only ware that has always been known as Haviland China is marked under each piece:

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For Sale by Druggists.

PAMPHLET FREE.

LEHN & FINK, Agents, New York.

SCHERING'S PIPERAZIN WATER

RECOMMENDED FOR Gravel, Calculus, Lazy Liver, and all Uric Acid Troubles.

WILL CURE IT.

A HINT FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

Harley: On your last trip you took ten orders to my one, and I worked pretty hard, too. How do you account for it?

Beach: Well, I attribute a good deal of my success to the fact that I wear a stylish, glossy Knox Silk Hat.

HER DIMPLES.

When Dora's dimples come and go,
I watch them, torn 'twixt bliss and woe
(For at her feet I long have sat me),
Their fitful charm distracts me so:
Because, alas! I never know
Whether she's laughing with or at me!

—*The Century.*

RECENTLY in England a prize was offered for the best "bull" made of laughter-provoking words, and *The Outlook* publishes a selection from those submitted.

Extract from a speech made at a meeting to promote total abstinence: "The glorious work will never be accomplished until the good ship *Temperance* shall sail from one end of the land to the other, and with a cry of 'Victory!' at each step she takes, shall plant her banner in every city, town and village in the United Kingdom."

"We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and leaves the ashes in our hands!"

An orator at one of the university unions bore off the palm when he declared that "the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns nor retire into its shell."

A certain politician, lately condemning the government for its policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: "They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry."

A HARD-LOOKING tough was on trial in the Court of General Sessions. Judge Cowing was on the bench. Lawyer Howe, in a voice husky with emotion, addressed the jury: "Gentlemen, my client is a poor man. He was driven by hunger and want to take a small sum of money. All that he wanted was sufficient money to buy bread, for it is in evidence that he did not take the pocket-book containing $300 that was in the same bureau drawer." The eloquent attorney for the accused was interrupted by the convulsive sobs of his client. "Why do you weep?" asked Judge Cowing of the doomed man. "Becors I didn't see der pocket-book in de drawer."—*Texas Siftings.*

THE New York *Recorder* gives a story of a young lawyer who evidently did not consider the well-known learning of the judge a sufficient reason for omitting evidence of his own attainments.

The judge was compelled to listen to a case that had been appealed from one of the police courts. The young practitioner who appeared for the appellant was long and tedious; he brought in all of the elementary text-books, and quoted the fundamental propositions of the law.

At last the judge thought it was time to make an effort to close the argument.

"Can we not assume," he said, pompously, "that the court knows a little about law itself?"

"That's the very mistake I made in the other court," answered the young orator, "and I don't want to let it defeat me twice."

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Fine Lace Curtains, Bed, Table and Fancy Linen.

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This celebrated House, with world-wide reputation, has been reorganized, and all orders will now be promptly executed.

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Made by the American Waltham Watch Co. are the best and most reliable timekeepers made in this or any other country.

Ask to see the name "Riverside" or "Royal" engraved on the plates, and always the word "Waltham."

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VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

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